

Judge

NOVEMBER 28, 1914
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Judge

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President

Grant E. Hamilton
Art Director

Reuben P. Sleicher
Secretary

J. A. Waldron
Editor

A. E. Rollauer
Treasurer

Vol. LXVII November 28, 1914 No. 1728

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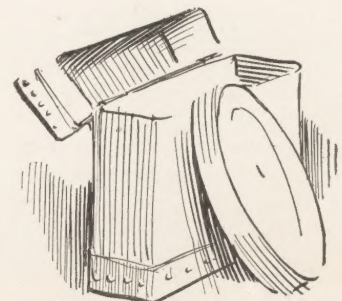


Some "movie" faces



The old troupe

and



The new . .



AN OBSOLETE INQUIRY: "IS MY HAT ON STRAIGHT?"

EDITORIALS

Protecting the Persimmon's Pucker

THE Department of Agriculture is up to its old tricks again. It is now trying to revive its nefarious project of taking the pucker out of persimmons. Just who initiated this sacrilegious at-



tack on the most characteristic inheritance of this famous, although almost inedible fruit, is not a matter of public record. But the scientists of the department have devoted years of unceasing effort to remove from the persimmon the only thing that differentiates it from a piece of codfish or a pumpkin pie—its inimitable and unsalable pucker. This famous astringent quality, which has given the persimmon its place among our famous products, is now to be abolished by departmental decree. Uncle Sam's wise men have discovered that if you will take a persimmon and lock it up in a hermetically sealed contrivance containing carbonic-acid gas and leave it there long enough, it may be eaten with impunity. Technically these experts declare that the action of the carbonic-acid gas hardens the tiny capsules of the fruit which contain the tannic acid that is responsible for its vigorous astringency, and

thus makes them insoluble and tasteless.

All of which may be very lovely; but an indignant nation thunders back the question, "Why?"

Why should a highly paid governmental department interfere thus ruthlessly with the precious patrimony of the persimmon? Why should the bureaucratic experts who ornament the government payrolls be permitted, by some newfangled proceedings, to wipe out the distinguishing feature which has made the persimmon famed in joke and song?

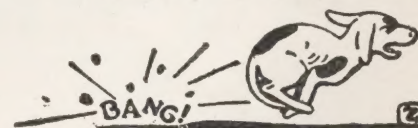
Puckerless persimmons! Bryanless Chautauquas! Brineless ocean! Umpireless baseball! Fadless fashions! Yea, tear from us our most cherished legends, destroy for us our most treasured heritage! Wipe out England's Magna Charta, trample underfoot the American Constitution, drag Arcturus and Orion from the firmament! Take "Uncle Joe's" cigar away! But leave, oh, leave the persimmon's pucker untouched, intact and unprofaned!

Excruziating

A PERSON named Fly writes to ask, "If Vera had a yacht, where would Vera Cruz?" We have not the slightest idea, but if Brother Fly will call at this office, we will show him what Vera would do to a fly if she had a swat instead of a yacht.

Brief Decisions

"TALK business, not war," is the latest slogan—a mighty good one. In accordance with its principles, His Honor begs to call public attention to the fact that his appetite for good, wholesome hu-



mor is wholly unabated, his pulse is running strong, and his circulation constantly increasing. Eggs and barium sulphite has riz, but rain or shine, JUDGE remains now and forever, one and inseparable, within the reach of all, at ten cents a copy.

□

Out of the roar of blatant war and all its hurly-burly, a clarion call for one and all is, Do Your Christmas Shopping Early!

□

A cow out in Indiana is reported to have eaten twenty-five hens. This sounds extraordinary, but, after all, it is simple reciprocity. The world has been consuming milk-fed chickens for years, and we see no reason why there shouldn't be a little chicken-fed milk now and then.

□

Talk about the high cost of living! It now costs a member of the House of Representatives \$21 to take a day off.





THE GATE OF PARADISE AS THE BROADWAY HABITUE' DREAMED IT

Stumped

JOHN JUDSON was a locksmith and a safe expert of fame,
As an all-around mechanic he was great;
And men, with closed and stubborn safes to Judson always came,
Satisfied he'd open them as sure as fate.

He'd never seen the strong box that he couldn't overmatch,
But when handed a sardine can by his wife
And told to strip the cover with the key which they attach—
Well, he couldn't open it to save his life!

—Dan Shea.

Two Ways

"Berrybutton is certain that the So-and-sos will win in the European war."

"H'm!" commented J. Fuller Gloom. "Does he argue or merely yell?"

Her Age

Howard—How old can Miss Jones be?
Victor—Old enough to call college men
"college boys."



She—Does she make a lot of money? He—Oh, no; a bare living.

Settling It

"WELL, I've settled that there note I've been owin' Jack Gap for so long!" triumphantly stated a prominent citizen of the Arkansas neighborhood of Rumpus Ridge.

"That so?" returned another and equally prominent resident of the same locality. "Where'd you git the money?"

"Aw, it didn't take no money! I just shot Gap."

Quite the Contrary

"Wasn't Mrs. Dubbson simply out o' sight in that Parisian gown of hers last night!" said Wiggles enthusiastically.

"On the contrary," said Mrs. Wiggles severely, "she was altogether too much in sight. I never saw such barefaced effrontery as that low-cut back."

PAUL GOULD



1904 AND YET THEY SAY THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS PROGRESS 1914

Miss Libby Meets a Crisis

By W. T. NICHOLS



MISS LIBBY had long been preparing for the crisis, and now she faced it resolutely, if not boldly. Also she faced Mr. Brandwein. This, however, is not to be regarded as mere coincidence. For weeks she had felt that when Mr. Brandwein was present, there, too, was the crisis in posse, if not in esse. And at last, in every sensitive fiber of her being, she knew that The Moment had arrived.

Mr. Brandwein sat on the edge of a chair; so did Miss Libby—on the edge of quite another chair, be it understood—a chair set at least six decorous feet from that of the caller. There was, moreover, a subtle distinction. Miss Libby was poised; Mr. Brandwein was uneasily perched. Miss Libby's hands were folded in her lap; one of Mr. Brandwein's clutched the brim of his hat, the other nervously stroked its crown. The action caught Miss Libby's attention; indeed, not a motion of his could escape her vigilance.

"Won't you put down your hat? Or shall I not take it?" She spoke with all her wonted precision of enunciation.

"Oh, no! No need!" Mr. Brandwein exclaimed hastily. For an instant he clutched the hat the tighter, then suddenly bent and placed it on the floor. "Get rid of it there, I guess," he added, as he straightened his back. "Hat's a bother;

so are lots of things—to a man—to what you might call a single man, anyway."

"Indeed!" purely defensively.

Mr. Brandwein appeared to be fully as conscious of the crisis as was Miss Libby, but to lack her nerve control.

"Fine day!" he blurted. "Fine as I ever saw! Better the day, better the deed, y'know. That brings me back to what I was saying—about a single man. Remember?"

By sheer will Miss Libby smiled. "One could hardly forget—so soon."

"Ahem! A-hem!" Mr. Brandwein cleared his throat violently. "Ma'am, there's a question I've got to ask, and I'd rather ask you than any other woman in town. Know why?"

No power of will could keep the rush of blood from Miss Libby's cheek, but her tone was even. "How should I know, Mr. Brandwein?"

"Well, it's because I've been watching you, studying you. And you're kindly and clever and pleasant and considerate. You'll understand. You'll make allowances. I may be on a fool's errand"—

"You mustn't say that!" Miss Libby interposed. Mr. Brandwein frowned; then he wiped the sweat from his forehead; then he spoke. "Might as well go back to the beginning. I'd had a bereavement before I came here. You knew that, of course?"

"Yes," said Miss Libby. Instinctively her glance went to the hat on the floor; so did Mr. Brandwein's. There was a broad, black band on the hat. Then both raised their eyes, and their glances met. Miss Libby felt fevered fires in her tell-tale cheeks. But Mr. Brandwein was plunging ahead.

"I hired that house next door. Good enough house—that part's all right; but there are lots of things there to—bother a single man. Mentioned that, didn't I?"



SAFETY FIRST



THE ORDER OF THE BATH

"I—I think you did."

Mr. Brandwein's frown gathered fierceness. "Like to do things my own way, I do. I'd had a bereavement, but I'd got chances of some more years on the planet."



A VIRGINIA CREEPER

So I didn't pretend to give up everything. That set this town talking. Oh, I heard all about it! Said I was taking notice, the tabby cats!"

"Oh, Mr. Brandwein!"

"Well, I was taking notice of you!" said the gentleman stoutly. "Saw what I liked, too. That's why I'm here to-day, and why I want to ask you a question. Don't mind, do you?"

Miss Libby rallied all her forces. Bet-

ter, far better, to have the ordeal ended.

"Why should I mind?" she said, not quite steadily.

But Mr. Brandwein appeared to be a person of tangents in discourse. He flew off on one. "Keep things up about a place—that's my motto. Now, you've got the knack." His admiring gaze swept the beautifully ordered living-room. "That's another reason I come to you. We can talk plainly—both entitled to vote, so far as age goes, eh? And I've been watching you, as I've said; and I've felt you'd take it all right—no foolishness. Been on my mind a good while. Get me?"

Miss Libby inclined her head; she didn't trust her voice.

Mr. Brandwein bent toward her; verily, he was tremendously in earnest. "I'm going to be honest with you. I've had a fight with myself. You see, I'd had some experiences as well as a bereavement, and they'd left me gunshy—technical term, ma'am, but maybe you'll guess the combination. So I was all for playing a lone hand, but it won't do. Servants ride over me, treat me like a feeble-minded ignoramus. I'm going to stop it. I'm going to get expert backing. So now I've come to you. Prepared to hear the question, are you? If you are,

just say, 'Fire when ready, Gridley!'"

Inwardly Miss Libby shuddered; outwardly hers was the calm of desperation, belied only by her convulsively clasped hands. "Fi-fire!" she breathed.



HER PROBLEM

Mrs. Featherby—I simply can't dress on \$5,000 a year!

Mr. Featherby—Why, wear less.

Mrs. Featherby—The less I wear the more it costs!

Mr. Brandwein's clinched right fist smote his left palm. "Lot depends on this, ma'am—no less than who's to be boss in my house! Tell me! Do you sweep a rug either way, or have you got to go with the grain?"



Mr. Brandwein was eying Miss Libby with all the intentness of the zealous seeker of truth and light. Therefore he marked, if he did not comprehend, certain disconcerting phenomena. The roses faded from Miss Libby's cheeks; then they came back with a rush. She was gazing at him blankly. She gave a queer little gasp; then, of a sudden, her eyes were shining with a strange light. Her lips moved; she spoke lightly, almost merrily. Great is the discipline of the sex!

"With the grain—with the nap, that is," she said. "Treat a rug as you'd treat a woman—follow the line of least resistance!"

Up to Snuff

Arthur—Uriah Umson made a great hit at school during the hay-fever season.

Anna—How?

Arthur—He invented a college yell with a sneeze in it.



AND HE HELD THE WIRE

Mrs. Golitely—Great heavens! are you going to keep that 'phone forever? You have been there twenty minutes and haven't said a word!

Man at 'phone—Sorry, madam, I am talking to my wife.

How He Knew

"YOU say," said the attorney for the defense, "that though the night was very dark, you saw Rastus Johnson leaving your hencoop at midnight from your bedroom window?"

"Yes, sir," replied the plaintiff.

"How could you distinguish him in the blackness of the night?" demanded the attorney.

"Why—er," said the plaintiff, "the darkness got so much blacker all of a sudden that Rastus's presence there was obvious. No other human being could cast such a shadow on anything so dark as that night already was."

Social Burdens

Mrs. Gramercy—Did you have a pleasant afternoon?

Mrs. Park—Yes; it was almost perfect. I called on a dozen of my friends and found nine of them out.

My Boarding House

OF TO my room the perfume wafts
From cooking bacon, cabbage, beans.
On windy days I feel the drafts
As round my form the sad breeze keens.
The service in the house is poor—
I run my errands, as a rule.
The mealtimes are by no means sure.
You think I kick, just like a mule?

No, I do not. You think it strange.
You'll think it stranger when I say
I do not contemplate a change
From this poor shelter where I stay.
And neither is it that I save
A single red by doing so.
The daily outlay's mighty grave
And much augments the sums I owe.

The other boarders do not treat
Me with consideration—no!
They let me buy the things they eat,
And often bone me for some dough.
It costs me more than good hotels
Charge for good service when I roam.
But yet I stand for cooking smells
And other things—I live at home.

—Strickland Gillilan.

His Indefinite Status

"The fellow who married your daughter"—

"He is my son-in-law now," grimly replied Grout P. Smith. "I don't know what he used to be."



HOW IT HURTS

Clerk—Yes, miss, all face powders have gone up in price on account of the war.

Young lady—Oh, isn't war just horrid!



THE COMPANION WAY

RAY ROHN
2 2

Wouldn't It Be Funny To See:

A LANDLADY boarding a train?
A crooked man straighten up?
Two aeronauts fall out over a hen house?
A deaf man get a hearing in court?
A policeman pinch a felon? Ouch!
A vaudeville team hitched to a star?
An attorney pressing his client's suit?
A ward heeler arrested for malpractice?
A Chinese laundryman clean up a fortune?
A young rector giving a society belle a ring?
A wife practice on the piano before she tried to lecture her husband?
A train of thought wrecked in a brain-storm?



—Oliver E. Behymer.

How It Was

Brother Baggy—How come de jedge to turn Brudder Bogus loose?
Brother Slack—Oh, his white lawyer proved an albino.

The New Profession

THE author won to praise and fame
Through toil beyond all measure,
Till everybody knew his name
And read his stuff with pleasure.
Then editors, they came to him
And begged to buy his fiction.
He turned them down with visage grim
And said, with firm conviction,

"I once was wedded to my art,
But now I shall divorce her
And play the very paying part
Of general indorser;
For I indorse with ready ease
(Upon receipt of payment)
Tobacco, ale and potted cheese
And medicines and raiment,

"And phonographs and scented soap,
Cigars and sporting blazers
And guns and cigarettes and rope
And knives and safety razors.
Indorsement is a fine career.
Its net results amaze me,
And you would faint away to hear
How royally it pays me.

"The story-writing game was slow.
I love my new endeavor,
For authors come and authors go,
But bunk goes on forever!"

—Berton Braley.



ELLISON
HOVER



BRINGS IT ALL OUT

Irene—Don't you think that travel brings out all that is in one?
Ira—Yes; especially ocean travel.



THE "lady agent" always gets me, whatever junk she has for sale; with skillful tongue she soothes and pets me and blarneys me and draws the kale.

The gent who sells the works of Dickens, in eighty-seven cloth-bound books, pursues in vain; but, ah! the chickens—I can't escape their velvet hooks! I often vow, "Henceforth the ladies in vain will seek my humble home; I'll see the whole fair tribe in hades before I'll buy another tome! Too long, with language false and fibby, they have beset me on my way. I've bought the works of Laura Libbey, and also those of Bertha Clay; a five-foot shelf of old Nick Carter now ornaments my cozy den. Me-thinks the maidens must be smarter, if they can work me once again."

I grimly frame this resolution, that's viewed with pleasure by the frau, and pass around some elocution about my adamantine vow.

And thus, with resolution laden, I to my musty office go, to which there comes a beaming maiden, who sells the works of Edgar Poe.

"It is no use," I firmly greet her. "The stuff is off—I will not buy." Whereat her smile grows all the sweeter, and humor twinkles in her eye. Ah, why is man so weak and washy when round his chair fair damsels trot? I know I'll buy those volumes boshy, e'en while I tell her I will not! I always fall for female friskers, I still surrender to their snares, where I would take a man with whiskers and kick his person down the stairs.

My words don't daunt her or afright her, although I say, "Can't deal with you! I've bought the works of every writer that ever lived, and then a few! I have the works of Pope and Shelley, of Rex E. Beach and Richard Roe; I've Zola's books—

they're rather smelly; I draw the line at Edgar Poe. I hate to raise this sort of holler when you come up here peddling rhyme, but I will give you half a dollar if you will let me off this time."

In vain, in vain! She smiles and twitters and lays a volume on my knee; I know I'll have to take my bitters before she will consent to flee. She talks about the text and printing, but I am thinking of the way Dame Nature does her fairest tinting on damsels young and blithe and gay. She talks about the illustrations, but I am thinking how a maid can rattle kings and shatter nations, if she has eyes the proper shade. She talks about the leather binding, but I am looking at her hair, which like a rope of gold is winding above her forehead low and fair.

I might fill up a dozen colyums about that agent and her charms, but, having bought some thirty volumes, I'll pack them homeward in my arms.

Her Collateral

"Excuse me," said Bridget, putting her head in at the cashier's window, "but do Oi undhersthand thot yez lind money here on character?"

"Why—yes," hesitated the cashier.

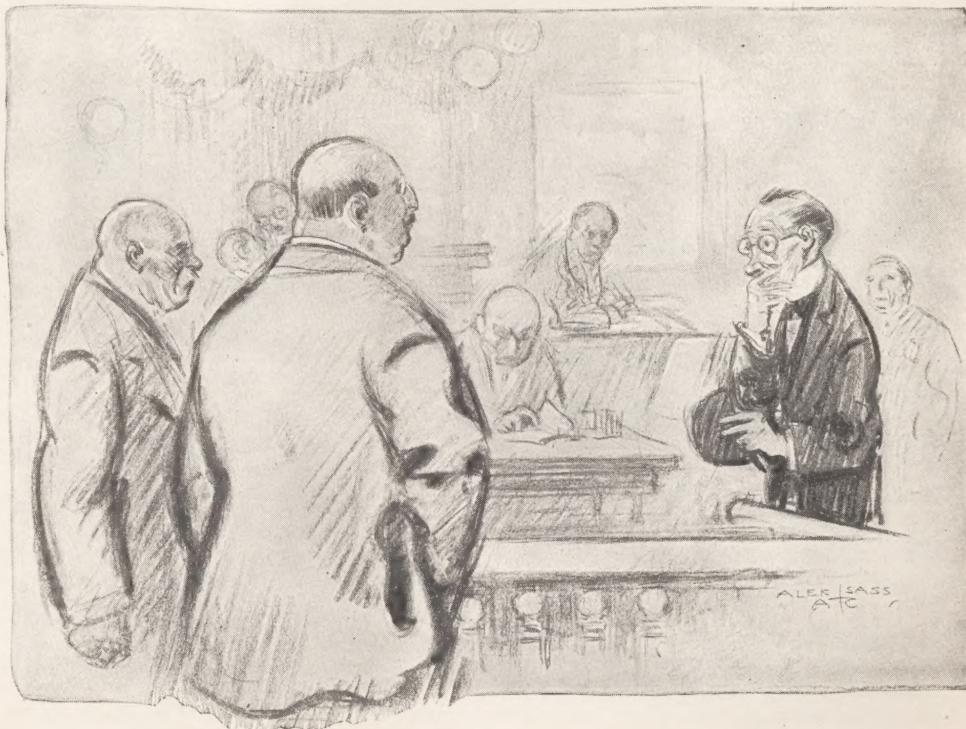
"Thin Oi'd loike fifty dhollars, sorr, on moine," said Bridget, producing a number of greasy references. "They's sivin uv thim from me previous implyers"——

But the cashier had fled. The idea of explaining the intricacies of collateral to a lady with seven characters was too appalling.

Excluded

"Well, Rastus," said the colonel, "I understand your club has declined to admit Julius to membership."

"Dat's a fact, kuhnel," returned the old darky. "Ah dunno what de objection to Julius was, but when dey come to vote, dey done whiteballed him."



PREJUDICE

Lawyer—Are you acquainted with my client, this defendant? Talesman—Slightly. He once did some plumbing for me. Lawyer—Excused.



YOU ARE sure it isn't forged, Hiram?"

Bartholomew Wing's question, half in earnest and half in jest, referred to his son's diploma, which the elder had examined with some suspicion when the younger returned from college.

"It's the real thing," was Hiram's reply.

"Well, all I've got to say, then," commented Bartholomew, "is that you must have a lot in you."

"I don't get you exactly, dad."

"Any boy that could raise the devil you raised in college and yet come out with this is a wonder, and I'm proud of you. And now we'll talk business."

Hiram, who had cherished a grudge for this detail of his christening until he had won the name of "Hi Flier" among the

The Voyagers

By J. A. WALDRON

boys, had not carried off any special student honors, but in the role of "good fellow" he had distanced all comers and won many a trophy. Some of the things he had done were bound to become college traditions.

"You cost me a lot, boy," said Bartholomew, "and now that I'm going to take you into the business, I suppose you'll expect at least as much as you spent in college."

"Can't you raise the ante a little, dad?"

"You'll have to start at the same figure, but if you behave yourself I'll raise it after the first year. I'll deposit \$5,000

quarterly for you to draw on. If you exceed the allowance during the first year I'll reduce it."

"All right, dad. I'll be good."

And so it was settled. Hiram's place in the family business was regarded by others who had to work by the clock as a raw sinecure. He didn't have to punch a time-slip. In fact, his hours were regularly irregular.

"I think, son," said Bartholomew to Hiram one afternoon as he met the youth leaving the office at two o'clock, "you'd get more interested in business if you should get married."

"Maybe, dad."

"And I think I'll look around for a likely young woman."

"Hadn't that ought to be my job?"

"Well, perhaps. But how would Caroline Gilder do?"

"Rather a tough looker, dad, for a



VERY TRUE

"It is pretty tough when you pay a dollar for a chop."
"Yes, sir; but it would be tougher if you paid less, sir."

steady companion. Even M'sieu Pastelle, the famous portrait painter, who was paid for a good job, made her look like a feminine promoter of revolution."

"But her money, boy!"

"I thought you had a bunch of it."

Bartholomew laughed at the jest, and Hiram went forth to a matinee. He had gone to a certain theater day and night for quite a period. After the performance he had been seen almost as frequently at a reserved table in the swellest neighboring restaurant with Belle Jilton, the very prettiest young woman in the chorus. Belle had never lacked fancy meal tickets, but there was something about Hiram that appealed to her.

This same evening, as Hiram and Belle sat dallying with terrapin, broiled squab-turkey and trimmings, while the band droned the almost threadbare music of wornout dances, Hiram came to a conclusion.

"Will you marry me?"

"Why not?"

"To-night?"

"How about a license?"

"Well, then, as soon as we can arrange it?"

"Haven't I answered you, dearest?"

And so it was settled. Late the next day Hiram and Belle were on board a steamship guaranteed to be immune from naval interference, bound for a port unquestionably neutral. Just before they sailed Hiram had sent a message to Bartholomew, advising him of a momentous step. While the ship was seeking open water

Hiram got a wireless from Bartholomew that for essential brevity would have pleased a space-hunting editor: "You are disinherited," it said.

"That'll not make any difference with you, sweetheart, will it?" asked Hiram, showing the message.

"Why, no—if—if"—

"If I can make a living, you mean? Why, I'm sure I can. And we'll save money by cutting this trip a bit short."

"But your father will relent, I suppose, when he has had time to cool off."

"I don't depend on that. The old gentleman never backs up."

They were dropping the pilot, and sev-

eral passengers, including Hiram and Belle, crowded to the rail. Hiram, in an access of love, covertly pressed his lips to Belle's hand. She, suddenly thoughtful, had just seen a face she knew, and cast a glance backward. It was an older flame, Carlton Cherry, who gave her a frank and admiring look of recognition. He had lost a fortune, and among his economies of late had been elimination of White Way activities. Belle had read in this very morning's paper that Carlton, having come into a new fortune by the death of an aristocratic aunt, was sailing to their own destination.

"Oh, well, dear," said Belle to Hiram, "we'll not worry about the future."

A Standard

City man—Are the Van Aldens rich?

Suburbanite—So rich that they have no neighbors.

JUDGE'S MOTION PICTURES



A Horse of a Different Color; and In Strong at the Finish



Judges Between Covers

By ROBERT MOUNTSIER

Passing Sentences

“**THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON**,” by Mr. J. M. Barrie. This gift book, delicately illustrated by Hugh Thomson, is a revival of our ten-year-old enjoyment of the butler William Gillette helped to make famous and admirable from London to the South Seas.

“**HALF HOURS**,” by Sir James Barrie. Sir James, better known as a tobacco advertiser than as a knight, is represented in this volume by four plays.

None of them is a “Peter Pan,” but one of them is the light and delightful “Twelve Pound (\$60) Look,” which successfully bears the test of transition from the stage to the printed page.

“**LUCAS’ ANNUAL**,” James Matthew Barrie, who has another half hour here, heads a list of notable English writers whose bits in this “Annual” yield two hours’ pleasure out of 1914’s 8,760

hours. The elapsed time for reading it is three hours.

“**THE THREE SISTERS**,” by May Sinclair. Based on the low marriage rate so prevalent in English fiction because of the large number of women’s corpora per man’s capita, this story of three sisters to one doctor takes the happiness out of life and places in its stead a tragedy that rekindles the “Divine Fire” reputation of its author.

YOU ARE introduced to Nina Wilcox Putnam and her little play, “Orthodoxy,” by George Sterling, Inez Haynes Gillmore and George Middleton, who occupy a prominent place on the jacket with a few kind words. Perhaps you should have been introduced to this trio as a matter of etiquette and publicity, but no matter! Mr. Sterling says, “I recall now nothing more amusing and absorbing, at least in contemporary literature.” Inez Haynes Gillmore thinks “it is a most interesting and original piece of work and awfully well done.” George Middleton, by starting off with “I have read ‘Orthodoxy,’” gives rise to a horrible suspicion, which is only downed by the next words, “with great interest.” Having read it, he says to you and Mrs. Putnam, “I know of no play like it in any language. It is entirely original idea.”

Passing over a five-page preface for the reader’s benefit, we come to “Orthodoxy.” The scene of the action, or rather of the words, is laid in a half section of a church, the condition that a church gets into when it has been cut lengthwise through the near side of the center aisle or has been divided into two factions. This arrangement makes it possible for you and me to become a part of the congregation. Time, any Sunday. As each member of the congregation arrives, the thoughts he or she is thinking are put into words. First Girl: “My new hat, see my new hat, see it, see it.” The Minister’s Wife: “If only the children will be quiet. I will pray for that.” Third Youth: “How my shirt scratches me!”

And what am I, as a member of the congregation, thinking about? Ministers should be compelled by law to preach short sermons. Thank goodness, they don’t use up as much time as they did when I was a child. How I used to wish that mother would tell me I could slip out quietly, go home and see if the chicken were cooking all right. Those were the days when I could read Sunday-school books during prayer, and why did that old man on

the other side of the church keep interrupting my reading with his “Amen!” shouts? Just to think of the all-day suckers, the “licorish” and the horehound that could be bought with the money father gave me to put into the collection.

To return from the past to the present. “Orthodoxy,” with its biting satire, reminds me of experiences in Mexico, where no well-equipped church is without its collection of fleas as well as relics. There is nothing like something biting to stir up a congregation, so I heartily recommend that a Sunday be appointed for the reading of “Orthodoxy” in the churches throughout the land. Indirectly Mrs. Putnam’s little play preaches the gospel of truth, and to show its good influence I resist the temptation to say that I can recall just now nothing more amusing and absorbing, at least, in contemporary literature, and that it is entirely original idea; but I will say that there is nothing in Shakespeare to compare with it and that Maeterlinck and Gertrude Stein might think that some of the lines had been taken out of their heads.

But what have you, as a member of the congregation, been thinking about?



Sir Peter Pan

JAMES MOUNTSIER FLAG

JAMES BARRIE



ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, AND ALL THE PEOPLE MARIONETTES

THE MODERN WOMAN

Mustard and Cress

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

The Vote Limited

THE society dame with a high-sounding name

Thinks women should have the franchise;

"But limit its span

To the ladies who can

Ride in cars decked in fur to the eyes."

The tired shop girls, without motors or pearls,

Think women should have the franchise;

"But limit it, though,

To the women who know

About work and the hardships that rise."

The callow young man, when he talks to strong Nan,

Thinks women should have the franchise;

"But limit its mass

To those of your class

Who can vote with good sense and be wise."

The workingman feels, whose wife gets his meals,

That women should have the franchise;

"But limit the vote

So that ladies that tote

Little lap dogs cannot tyrannize."

No More Burdens

Suffragette (to anti, who supports her husband)—I can't see why you are not a suffragette.

Anti—Then this is why: It's bad enough and work enough to support a man, and I don't care to have to vote for him, too, and have that extra burden.

Home Life

He—I hear that Miss Smith is forever on the tennis court. Is she a suffragette?

She—No, indeed; she believes that woman's place is the home.

He—Has she a little tennis court in her home?

Suffrage Snapshots

By IDA HUSTED HARPER

THE French government has given to the wives of city councilors who have gone to war the right to vote in place of the husbands on urgent matters. If the husbands never come back, will they keep on voting? And since they are capable of casting a vote on urgent municipal affairs, should they not be eligible for election to the council? And if so, are they not qualified to vote for members of that body? The French Parliament cannot logically refuse to pass that municipal-franchise-for-women bill when it again gets down to business.

Some men are making an effort nowadays to scare women out of their independence by letting them stand in the street cars; but the women answer that they are better able to stand than many of the men that they see sitting down, and that, according to statistics, a woman has a good many more years to ride on street cars than men have.

The candidates on the primary-election tickets in New York all had numbers opposite their names, so that voters who couldn't read or remember carried the numbers of their choice into the polling booth and copied them on the ballot. It almost seems as if women might have intelligence enough to perform a feat like that.

The Committee on Rules of the national House of Representatives had plenty of time to discuss increasing the suffrage rights of Filipino men, but not a minute to give to those of American women. Was this because the Filipino men will vote as they are told and the American women will not?

Curbside Comments

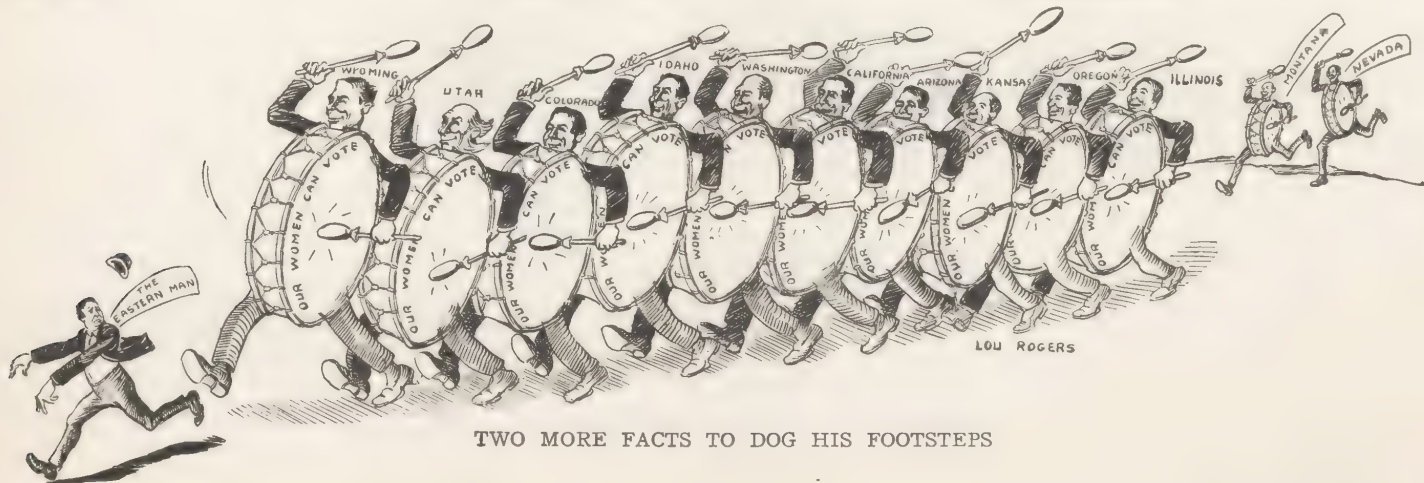
By OREOLA W. HASKELL

Bowling

A METROPOLITAN paper states that in New York City there are at least three hundred women's bowling clubs, with a membership close to twenty thousand, to say nothing of the fact that many women belong to clubs that have men for members. This shows a reprehensible tendency on the part of woman to increase the size and strength of her muscles, and it may have a disastrous effect on the race, as everything that woman does aside from kitchen work has. It will probably make her more chesty than she otherwise would be, although rumor states that as her average score is 170, as contrasted with man's 200, this disparity, while open to explanation on the score of clothes and lack of training, may keep her meek through the thought of her inferiority.

Woman and Work

WHILE in Europe there is too much work for women, since they are obliged to do their own and the men's also, the vacation committee of the woman's department of the National Civic Federation reports that its employment bureau is flooded with women and girls thrown out of positions by the war. If they were men, they would undoubtedly be buoyed up by the feeling that it is a glorious privilege to suffer in days of conflict; but we fear that, being female, they prefer peace and plenty to war and want. What a mediocre world it will be if women ever get the ascendancy! For we all know, since it is proved daily by letters in the press, that carnage is the only thing that brings out courage, self-sacrifice and other noble virtues from the bloodthirsty depths of the human soul.



TWO MORE FACTS TO DOG HIS FOOTSTEPS



LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS



Logic

"Es muy bonita tu nina. Es la mayor? Si: la mayor de mis hijas. Cuántas tienes? Esa sola; pero no me negarás que, por muchos hijos que tenga, ésa será siempre la mayor."

"Your little girl is very pretty. Is she the prettiest one you have?"

"Yes, she is the prettiest of my daughters."

"How many have you?"

"This one only. But that doesn't make any difference. If you should have many daughters, the one with you is always the prettiest."—*Blanco y Negro* (Madrid).



"Moi je me fiche de ce qu'on dira; il fait trop froid, et je mets mon manchon aux jambes."

"I don't care a rap what people may say! It's too cold, and I am wearing my muff on my limbs."—*L'Illustration* (Paris).

Served' Em Right

Vicar—For shame, my lad! What have those poor little fish done to be imprisoned upon the day of rest?

Tommy—Tha-that's what they got for—for chasing worms on a Sunday, sir.—*John Bull*.



Old lady—I'll take three penn'orth of Brussels sprouts, please, so as to 'elp the pore Belgians.—*London Opinion*.

Discouraging

"What on earth shall I do with all this money I've inherited from my aunt?"

"Invest it."

"Invest it? But then there'll be still more of it!"—*Man Lacht* (Berlin).



Cyclist (taking initiative on being caught without a light)—Douse your glim, mate! We'll be having them Zeppelins all over us!—*Punch* (London).



Copyright, *Fliegende Blaetter*

The Snoring Host

"Komm', Edgar! Ich glaube, unser Auto ist schon vorgefahren."

"Come, Edgar. I think our auto has arrived."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).



Copyright, *Fliegende Blaetter*

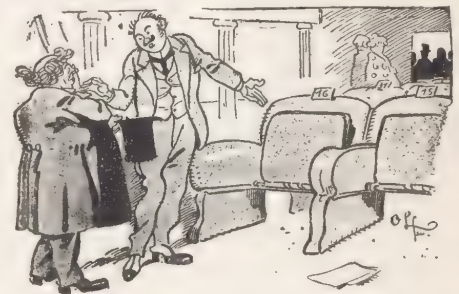
At the Fire

Schutzmann—Die Strasse ist abgesperrt, liebes Fräulein! Nur wenn ein besonders bringender Fall vorliegt,

Backfisch (atemlos)—Ach, ja, um drei Uhr hab' ich 'n Stell dichein!

Policeman—The street is closed, little girl! Only in case of urgent necessity—

Sweet sixteen (out of breath)—Yes, yes! At three o'clock I have a date.—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).



"Herr Direktor, könnten Sie mir nicht so einen Klappsessel verkaufen?"

"Ja warum denn?"

"Na schaun's, ich leide nämlich an Schlaflosigkeit, und so gut wie bei Ihnen bab' ich noch nie geschlafen?"

"Couldn't you sell me a folding theater seat like that?"

"Yes; but why?"

"Well, you see, I suffer from insomnia, and I've never slept as well anywhere as here."—*Man Lacht* (Berlin).

Erroneous Direction

Geordie—Aa's sprained ma ankle, Bill. Can ye tell us th' way tiv th' informary?

Bill—Yis. Just gan inti' th' middle ov th' road an' shoot "Three cheers for th' Kaiser."

Geordie—Haad away, man, that's th' way t' th' sumitory, not th' informary.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

"Bob" Burdette

AS THIS number of JUDGE went to press, it was reported that Dr. Robert J. Burdette, long known as "Bob" Burdette, was dying at his home in Pasadena, Cal., and readers of this magazine will probably have seen intelligence of his death before these pages come to their hands.

This widely known and loved humorist was born July 30th, 1844, at Greensboro, Pa., and was in the Civil War as an Illinois volunteer from 1862 to 1865. He had removed in boyhood to Peoria, Ill., where he began his career as a journalist. It was as associate editor of the Burlington, Ia., *Hawkeye*, however, that his earlier fame was won, although his later writings on the Brooklyn *Eagle* and other journals added to his great note. Kalamazoo College conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on him in 1908, and the degree of LL.D. was added by Occidental College, California, in 1913. He was pastor of the Temple Baptist Church, Los Angeles, for several years, and was prominent in scientific and other associations.

Among his published works are "Hawkeyetems," "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache," "Hawkeyes," "Life of William Penn," "Sons of Asaph," "Chimes from a Jester's Bells," "Smiles Yoked with Sighs," "The Silver Trumpets," and "Old Time and Young Tom."

Burdette's humor had a universal appeal and reflected a character of lovable traits, for all with whom he came in contact became his friends. He was a member of the American Press Humorists and to the last was active with his delighting pen, as but a few days before his critical illness the reviewers received copies of his final work, "The Sons of the Forty-seventh."

His Ambition

THE FIRST time I observed my nephew, Walden Jay Piddle, practicing what afterward became his justly celebrated specialty," grimly stated Uncle Timrod Tarpy, "was when he shipped a hard-earned dollar away off somewhere to an advertiser, who promised to send him full directions for making his own eye water, and received the advice, 'Poke your finger in it.' A later caper of his was to send another dollar for an infallible rule for telling mushrooms from toadstools, which produced the mirth-provoking reply, 'Eat 'em and see.' At one time he got up a flirtation through a matrimonial paper, and it took the combined efforts of his relatives to pull him loose from the consequences.

"Upon another occasion it cost him five dollars to learn that he could unfaithfully win at cards by letting them alone. At present he is advocating that two can live as cheaply as one, and at the same time sidling up to a widow with five children. It seems to me that Walden Jay works harder to win his diploma from the school of experience than any other ninny with whom I was ever acquainted."

—Tom P. Morgan.

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EGYPTIAN DEITIES

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S O S

Belgians Are Starving

"He Gives Twice Who Gives Quickly"

MILLIONS of Belgians face starvation. They will perish if succor does not come at once. Their plight is desperate. It cries out as imperiously as the wireless S. O. S. from a sinking ship. And this call is being heeded. Fast ships bearing food have been rushed to the rescue. But more must follow.

Cable Answers S. O. S.

This Belgian Relief Committee cabled \$50,000 from big, generous America to Ambassador Page, to use for buying food in England to hurry to Belgium as first aid, and \$20,000 was cabled to United States Minister Brand Whitlock, in Brussels, and used in the same way. In Brussels alone one hundred soup kitchens are feeding 100,000 hungry people. The daily cable dispatches, in unbiased news reports, are giving a continuous account of the appalling disaster and desolation.

Succor From America

In America how different the picture. This magazine will reach its readers just about Thanksgiving time. We have had bountiful harvests and despite rather dull times we have great surpluses of food and money. So 40 national magazines are carrying in their Christmas issues this appeal to their millions of readers to succor the starving Belgians. Divide your Christmas plenty with them. Be sure that the gift will be "twice blessed."

Send a Christmas Check Today

Send a check today, before it slips your mind, to J. P. MORGAN & Co., 23 Wall Street, New York, and mark it for the Belgian Relief Fund. You will receive a receipt and the money will at once go to the Belgian Relief Committee, which will use it for these two purposes:

- 1 To relieve immediate distress of Belgian refugees and the hundreds of thousands of destitute women and children and other non-combatants in Belgium.
- 2 To rehabilitate as soon as practicable the poor Belgian peasant and working classes by helping them get roofs over their heads and tools to work with.

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S. O. S.—Checks, Money Orders, etc., should be made to J. P. MORGAN & CO., "FOR BELGIAN RELIEF FUND," 23 Wall Street, and sent to that address

From a Sinner's Diary

A MAN was covering a big, high bean stack in a ripping rain to-day when I went along, and I said, "You can never dry that canvas up there." Seem's so something must have been bothering him before that, mad as he flew.

I've sent for 375 post-cards. If I like 'em, I'll have me some.

I know a boy who is raising turkeys with four ma-hens and no gobbler. Anyway, he's going right ahead as if he was. I'm interested in the report when he takes their census.

Last night I played for a barn dance in a barn. I wore my white tapestry, with a fringe of meadow larks around the polonaise. A woman sailed in, primped to kill—you could see she never failed to dot her teas or cross her eyes. I was wishing calamity on her, and it came—her skirt fell off!

The fiddler has been to the hospital and had his tonsils subtracted, and all life is a purling river to him. He laughs, anyway. And if he doesn't want to announce the coming dances or advertise the lost belt-pin jewels, he lets on his nurse told him he mustn't strain his throat. He talks of her all the time. She sat on the edge of his bed and fed him ice all night. That's what he claims. I guess it was mostly taffy she fed.

Little girls there dancing the latest wiggle-waggle—little girls with their broom-handle legs, with their never-roll-in-the-ash-heap primness, with their pinched, pale, forty-year-old, never-smile, tired-eyed faces! They don't get the fun out of it brother and I used to when the band (fife and drum!) would stop and play in the graveyard Decoration Day, then go on to town, while we'd go hand in hand into the old cellar, where the other house burned, and bawl because we weren't dead soldiers, with a band playing at us, or the band that could go gayly on to town—and we couldn't even tag along!—days with lots of such sickening internal injuries, sandwiched in with glorious frogging excursions and such! Heavens! The wild Injuns we cleared the earth of! We must have spared none for these new-model children, with their equators where their arctic circles belong.

—Lynette Freemire.

Which?

How to define a novel,
Where the author has paused, afraid,
On meeting a "situation,"
To call a spade a spade,
So fills in the gap ensuing
With printer's stars all in a row:

Is it "risky" or asterisky?
Now, that's what I'd like to know!
—Sarah Redington.

Not at All

She—Isn't she a garrulous bore?
He—Well, no; because I manage to work out all my next day's problems while she chatters.



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Passing the Mustard

Overzealous—*Publisher*—How is the new reporter doing?

Managing editor—I had to discharge him.

Publisher—What for?

Managing editor—He was far too enterprising.

Publisher—What do you mean?

Managing editor—He made a specialty of announcing surprise parties in advance.—*Youngstown Telegram*.

Not Appropriate—"What have you there, son?"

"Ten beans."

"Beans? Do you mean dollars?"

"Yep."

"Why don't you call money by its right name?"

"Ain't beans a good enough name for money?"

"Not for you. You never plant any."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Limits in Literature—"You've read 'The Heavenly Twins'?" asked an Englishman of an Irishman.

"Yes, I have."

"And 'The Sorrows of Satan'?"

"Yes."

"And have you read 'Looking Backwards'?"

"How the divil could I do that?" said Pat.—*London Evening Standard*.

A Trouble-maker—"What sort of a fellow is he?"

"A trouble-maker."

"He seems peaceable enough."

"I know; but he's the sort of a blundering chap that denies all the lies you've told your wife."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Satisfaction—*Miss Parvenu*—I was almost sorry, ma, that you spoke so rudely to that poor little Mrs. Willis.

Mamma—Well, my dear, pray where is the satisfaction of being in the best society if you cannot snub those who are out of it?—*Club-Fellow*.

As Society Sees It—"I thought you were going to move into a more expensive apartment?"

"The landlord saved us the trouble," replied Mrs. Flimgilt. "He raised the rent of the one we have been occupying."—*Washington Star*.

It Does So—"Why did you let him kiss you?"

"Well," said the candid girl, "after you have let a man hug you in the ballroom, it does seem inconsistent to refuse him a kiss in the conservatory."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Since War Broke Out—"What's become of the great basso, De Celeri?"

"He's honking for an auto livery."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

SEE AMERICA

MORE beautiful than France, Spain, Italy, Egypt or the Orient; less expensive to visit and more romantic in its picturesque interest—such is the Winter Resort Region along the coasts of the Atlantic Ocean and Gulf of Mexico. A region of the most fashionable hotels in the world, as well as desirable family homes and cottages where one may spend the winter under "Summer" skies and enjoy the finest bathing, fishing, yachting, automobiling, golf, tennis and a multiplicity of other outdoor sports no matter how great or how limited one's income.

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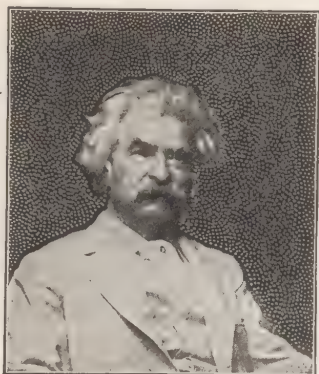
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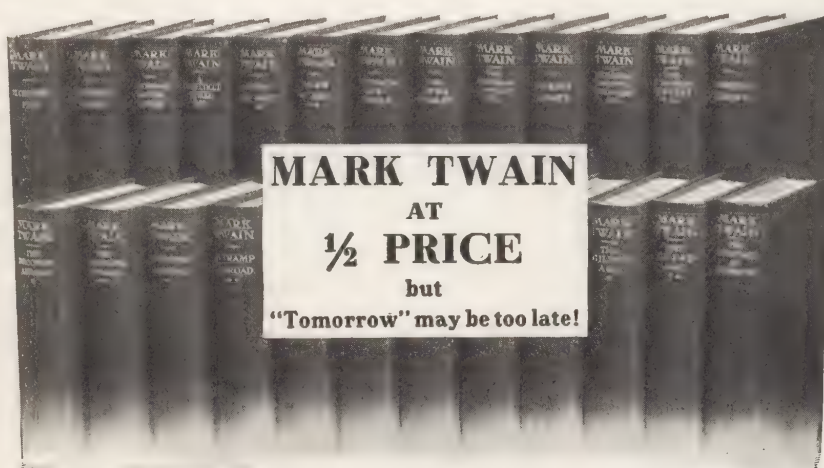
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Judge—11-28

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With The College Wits

No Fussing—Frosh—Do you get board where you are rooming?

*Soph—*Oh, terribly bored! There isn't a girl in the place!—*Hobart Herald.*

Quite Old-fashioned—"Did she marry well?"

"No; it was a case of true love."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Her Preference—"Why don't you get married, my dear?" asked the matronly chaperon of the debutante.

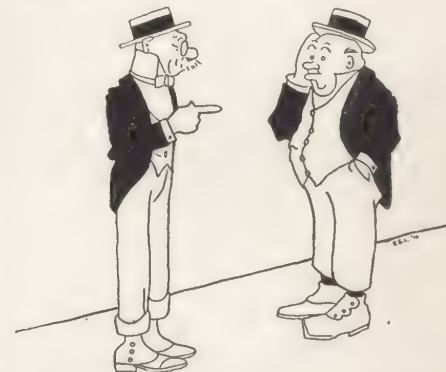
"Not for mine, please. Courtship: honk, honk, five dollars; marriage: ding, ding, nickel."—*Columbia Jester.*

Not a Repeater—"Are you going to Gladys's birthday party?"

"What birthday is she celebrating this time?"

"Her twenty-fifth."

"Oh, I was there last year."—*Ohio Sun-Dial.*



Kris—Why don't you give up wearing glasses? You'd look better.

Kros—Yes; but I wouldn't see as well. —*Princeton Tiger.*

Next Thing—First father—What? Your son is an undertaker! Why, I thought you said he was a doctor.

Second father—No; I said that he followed the medical profession.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Who He Was—Visitor—I've seen that man standing against that store for the past hour. Who is he—the constable?

Native—Naw; he be the banker, an' he's got a lien agin that property. —*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Her Appetite—Wood—That was a peach of a looking dame you had at Busty's the other night. She has awfully good taste.

Dood—Yes, the bill proved that. —*Princeton Tiger.*

His Somnolent Periods—Anxious mother—But, John, dear, when do you find time to sleep?

John—Oh, I'm taking four lecture courses.—*Cornell Widow.*

The Jester—1917—What do you keep your watch under your pillow for?

1918—Oh, that's so I can sleep over-time.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*



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Stories with Smiles

A Word to the Wise—"Do you know, Bill, I nearly lost a sovereign to-day."

"How was that?"

"Well, you see, I went to call on a friend of my wife's, and he asked me to lend him a sovereign. 'Yes, certainly,' says I, and I brought out a sovereign; but it never got no further than my hand."

"How was that?"

"Well, you see, one of his daughters commenced to sing 'Kathleen Mavourneen.'"

"Well, what has that got to do with lending a sovereign?"

"Everything, Bill, for she started like this: 'It may be for years, or it may be forever.' So I popped the quid back in my pocket."—*Tit-Bits*.

Give and Take—James J. Hill, in a Y. M. C. A. address in St. Paul, said in praise of marriage,

"I advise all my young men to marry early. Married people get on better than single ones. The married help each other by lending each other their qualities."

"For example:

"My wife, before I married her,' a young man said at a club, 'went in for slit skirts and tango teas and cigarette smoking; but to-day she wears Quaker gray and flat-heeled shoes, and her one interest in life is housekeeping.'

"Another man said in awed voice,

"It requires a strong will, a mighty strong will, to change like that!"

"Well, I've got a strong will,' said the first man."—*Washington Star*.

Made Up in Noise—They were discussing a chap who belongs to the genus Banquet Bore.

He is one of the men who are frequently heard in after-dinner addresses. No man who has heard him once and is present at a function where he is called on for a speech again but slides dejectedly down in his seat.

But the Banquet Bore never gets a glimmer of the real feelings of his fellows. Obviously he imagines himself a finished orator. He rants on with his virtuous platitudes and his flamboyant schoolboy periods, until his audience is on the verge of exhaustion.

As one man remarked, "It wouldn't be quite so bad if he didn't make so much noise that one can't possibly sleep."

"And that reminds me," the critic added, "of the story of the negro deacon who criticised his minister."

"Parson," he said, "I could enjoy mah religion bettah if you would jes' have somethin' new to say now and then and wouldn't stamp around on de pulpit and groan so much."

"Brother Brown," said the parson solemnly, "what I lacks in lightning, I tries to make up in thunder."—*Louisville Times*.

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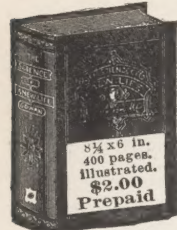
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No Trouble at All—A tall, raw-boned, red-headed countryman was accused in the city court of Valdosta of wife beating. When arraigned, he very promptly pleaded "Not guilty." Not being able to employ counsel, I was appointed by the court to defend him. Taking him off to one side, I said, "Now tell me exactly what took place between yourself and your wife."

"Wasn't nothing took place," he said.

"Then why did your wife swear out this warrant? What was the trouble?"

"Oh," he says, "they wasn't no trouble at all. Last Sunday morning me and my little boy went out in the garden and got some potatoes for breakfast and brung 'em in the kitchen. I told my wife to cook 'em, and she said she wouldn't do no sich thing; we must eat 'em raw. Then she tuck some more potatoes and put 'em in a pot to cook for her and the gal. I told her, if me and the boy had to eat 'em raw, her and the gal would have to eat raw, too, and I knocked the pot off the stove. Then she tuck the ax and busted the stove all to pieces, and then I slapped her down, and that was all they was to it. Jest no trouble at all."—*West's Docket.*

Tracing It Back—The dentist says it's all right to tell the story, but that his name must not be used.

His explanation of his modesty is that it is unethical to advertise. He must rest under the suspicion, however, of being afraid that his story is scarcely good advertising, even if he does deny that he is the principal character.

A friend of his—a dental friend—had just pulled a tooth for a patient, he says.

"Doctor, you told me that it wouldn't hurt to pull that tooth," he said.

"I did," triumphantly acclaimed the doctor. "What have you to say about the matter?"

"Well, all I've got to say is," moaned the patient, "that Ananias must have been the first dentist."—*Louisville Times.*

Wise to Him—"I think two can live as cheaply as one, sir."

"You can't edge into my family on that theory, young man. I'm willing to keep on supporting my daughter, but you'll have to pay board."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Envy—"Pa, what is envy?"

"Envy, my boy, is what your millionaire uncle feels every time he hears you begging your mother for a second piece of pie."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Syndicate—"Have you found a customer for your gramophone yet?"

"Oh, yes; I played it for twelve hours on end, and all the neighbors clubbed together and bought it from me."—*London Opinion.*

Truly Unusual—"He's an unusual man."

"In what way?"

"I asked him how the European war is coming out, and he said he hadn't the slightest idea."—*Houston Post.*

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Go through the advertising columns of the leading magazines, and arrange to have Santa Claus load *your* part of his sleigh with generally and genuinely acceptable presents—not just the “stuff” that can be thrown in at the last minute.

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is a co-operative suggestion to Santa Claus, from the leading advertisers, via 145,000 prospering homes.

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